

BOW ISLAND REVIEW.

VOL. 3. NO. 1

BOW ISLAND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1912.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR

HOTEL MYRTLE

Geo. F. Ridgedale, Prop.

Commercial Travellers' Home.

Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

The Leading Hotel In Bow Island.

Two Big Sample Rooms in connection.

Headquarters for Farmers & Ranchers

Rates-\$2.00 a day.

MEAL HOURS.

Week Days—Breakfast 6:30 to 9.
Dinner 12.0 to 2.0. Supper 5:30 to 7:30.
Sundays—Breakfast 6:30 to 9.00. Dinner 12.30 to 1.30. Supper 5:30 to 7:30.

Bow Island :: Alberta

J. W. HOPKINS
Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BOW ISLAND ALBERTA

Sunday School will be held in the L.O.O.F. hall on every Sunday, at 8:30 a.m.

Village of Bow Island

Notices of Nomination for Councillors

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a meeting of the electors of the Village of Bow Island will be held in the school house at Bow Island on JANUARY 8th, 1912, at 8 p.m. for the purpose of Nominating Councillors for the offices of Councillors for the said Village for the next two years.

Dated under my hand this 20th day of December, 1911.

B. L. JAMIESON
Sec.-Treasurer.

Bow Island Board of Trade

Notice to Members

Members of the Bow Island Board of Trade are hereby notified by the demand that all dues in arrears must be paid previous to voting at the annual meeting.

A. F. Dulmage, President.

Village Council of Bow Island.

Notice to Ratepayers

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the Village Council of Bow Island that the Ordinance demands that all Taxpayers previous to voting in an election to which their names are full paid to date.

B. L. JAMIESON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Bow Island, Alta., December 21, 1911.

Notice to Ratepayers

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Bow Island School District will be held at the Bow Island school house at one o'clock, Saturday, January 13th, 1912, for the purpose of receiving the election of one Trustee.

A. F. WEITZ,
Secretary.

Funeral Director

Undertaker and Embalmer.

Mail orders receive careful and prompt attention
A large experience enables me to fulfil your requirements
with satisfaction. Open day and night.

A. G. LOOMIS, Hoaglin's Blk., Bow Island

Start 1912 Right

By buying good machinery. We have the leaders in Fanning Mills, Van Brunt Drills, Fluery Packers, etc.

Do your Repairing and Oiling before Spring.

We also have a large stock of hand-made and factory hardware at all prices. Above all don't forget the Rumely Oil Pull and Steam Tractors. Get your order in early.

A. Swennumson

Beattie & Bratton

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables.

LIGHT AND HEAVY DRAYING.

See our Line of Dominion Buggies.

OFFICE - LETHBRIDGE AVE. (North End)

1836 THE BANK OF 1911

British North America

75 Years in Business. Capital and Reserve Over \$7,300,000.

Keep Your Money Working for You

When you carry a roll of money around in your pocket, or keep it in your home, you are not only risking loss but wasting the time which it should be earning for you. This is not amount to much in a day or two, but it comes up to a year.

Start a Savings Account HOW—deposit all your spare cash regularly, and benefit from the interest which we add twice a year.

BOW ISLAND BRANCH - B. A. S. MACLAREN, Manager
BURDett BRANCH - J. HOW, Acting-Manager

Nomination Day

And What It Means to Bow Island.

To take part in a municipal contest is one of the privileges of Canadian citizenship, and it is a privilege that is often abused (we can think of no more suitable word) by the careless abstention of the electors from the polling booth. Often it happens, unless some all-absorbing topic agitates the community, a full fifty per cent. of the ratepayers pass the municipal elections over with an indifference that would be suicidal if the same policy were adopted in their business affairs! Yet one is essentially interwoven with the other. Indifference in municipal matters upon the part of the ratepayers too often means a corresponding indifference upon the part of the councillors, and the inevitable result is a bungling of the town's business.

Bow Island is a young, a very young, town, and it is very necessary that the ratepayers should this year, and in any other, bestow the deepest interest upon the subject of our future Council. This year we are laying the foundation stone of what we all believe to be our most important structure, one that gives careful protection and hearty support should a credit not up to those who help build it, but one that the whole of Southern Alberta will point with pride. Imagination? No. Just an optimistic forecast of what our citizens could do if once they were fully aroused to the importance of their taking a hand in this ensuing election.

Nomination day is next Monday, Dec. 24th, and a meeting will be held in the L.O.O.F. hall for the purpose of revising names for the next Village Council. If there is one thing more than another that we would especially impress upon the ratepayers who intend to be present that evening, it is this: Elect the men whom you feel confident will transact the town's business to the best advantage—in perspective, the fact whether he is a friend or not. An unbusinesslike council brings discredit not only upon the men that comprise it but it reacts unfavorably upon the electors who put them there. Some very important questions will arise shortly, and to deal with these is not difficult, but the members of the Council should be exactly honest, but it is absolutely necessary that they should be men of experience who will be able to deal with them with a full sense of the heavy responsibility that the question brings.

Finally, we recommend every ratepayer that can possibly do so to attend and discuss the issue in a spirit of broad-mindedness and with the idea of doing his best, by co-operating with his fellow-citizen, in helping along the work of progress.

I.O.O.F. Installation

The installation of officers elected for the next six months in connection with the I.O.O.F. took place on Wednesday night, the installing officer being Bro. R. A. Parker, D.D.G.M.

Worshipful Officers are as follows:

P.G. S. G. Jamieson; M.G. W. P. Gostom; V.G. A. F. Dulmage; R.S. J. Reid; F.S. E. Reid; T. Anderson; and Chaplin. H. M. Henderson; Warden, G. R. Howden; Conductor, B. S. Beattie; H.S.N.G.; H. E. Beattie; L.S.N.G.; H. Carlson; H.S.V.G.; G. Barkman; L.S.V.G.; J. W. Hopkins; R.S.S.; C. Nelson; L.S.S.; J. Olquist; O.G.; G. Anderson; A. Ellsworth.

LOCAL MARKET

Bow Island, Jan. 5.

WHEAT—
No. 1 Northern 74
No. 2 " 72
No. 3 " 69
No. 4 " 73
No. 5 " 44
No. 6 " 51
No. 1 Feed 20

Gas Next Fall.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 28.—The Canadian Western Light, Heat, Oil, Gas and Power Company of Alberta, the \$5,000,000 corporation, was recently successfully floated in London by Mr. Eugene Coste, M.E., according to his brother, Mr. Louis Coste, M.E., who is at the hotel Vancouver on his way to Ottawa.

It is proposed to supply natural gas to various towns and cities in Southern Alberta, from gas wells at Bow Island, on the main line of the Crow's Nest Pass branch of the C.P.R. The construction of a pipe line, 170 miles long, extending as far as Calgary will be started next spring.

It will touch at Lethbridge and Macleod before following in a general westward course to the city of Calgary.

The gas main will vary in size from sixteen to twenty inches in diameter, and will be equipped with a new system of flexible joints to accommodate the varying pressure of gas.

It is expected that the cost of laying it down will reach about \$1,000,000.

The company has secured the exclusive right from the C.P.R. to drill wells on the C.P.R. farm lands in Alberta, it being stipulated that if oil is struck, a supply be furnished the C.P.R. at net cost.

Coste expects the pipe will be extended to Calgary and be in use next fall.

Hockey.

Bow Island Outplay Their Opponents.

The first game of hockey played in Bow Island since the New Year day here and proved very interesting to the spectators. A large number of persons were present.

The teams lined up as follows:

Savon Persons	Bow Island
Meyers	Goal
Tolte	Point
Adair	H. E. Beattie
Patrick	C. Point
Currie	W. Tyndall
Austin	Tanton
Schoeder	Rover
Wing	Tyndall
Wing	Howden
Wing	C. Houghlin

The game, taken all round, was fairly good, and the home team proved too much for their opponents. The score at the end of the first half was 2-1, in favor of Bow Island. Seven Persons scored in the first half of the second half making the score 4-1. Then the boys from Bow Island got busy and another score making it 2-1 at the end of the game. Bow Island has some good material and with a little practice will be able to give some of the teams along the line a hard rub.

"We hear that four of the boys on the Seven Persons team came from Medicine Hat to help them out. Is that so, Seven Persons?"

Curley Colp was the umpire and was very popular with both sides. B. L. Jamieson and C. R. Hurd were the goal judges. J. W. Hurd, S. Wiersma and Mr. M. Thompson were penalty time-keepers. Only one penalty was imposed, that on Adair for three minutes.

Cannot Cancel Pre-emptions.

What will prove a great boon to the holders of pre-emptions, is the order issued by Hon. Robert Rogers to the various Dominion land offices to suspend the order to cancel pre-emptions for non-payment of interest.

The reason for the suspension of the provisions allowing cancellation of the pre-emptions, if interest is not paid, is that the settlers have had great difficulty in marketing their grain, and are not in a position to pay interest.

20 Per Cent.

off all

Heaters

AND

Stoves

....A T....

Colp's Hardware Store

R. E. A. COLP, Proprietor.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON FARM LANDS

E. C. LUDTKE LAND CO.

J.P. Notary Public and Financial Brokers.

Pioneer Lumber Co

DEALERS IN

Sash, Doors, Lime, Cement, Mouldings, Plaster, Lumber and All Building Material

See Our Burlap Felt

A. F. DULMAGE MANAGER

BRAIN WORKERS
who get little exercise, feel better all round for an occasional dose of

"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

They keep up the brain, the body, gently and safely cleanse the system, clear the brain. A new pleasant tasting laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will send them.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL, 21

H. H. NIGHTINGALE
STOCKBROKER
Investment and Loans Negotiated
33 MELINDA ST., TORONTO

After a day with the mower, the binder or the threshing machine you can get the grease and grime off your hands in a minute with "SNAP".

At your dealer's—



The Test
Diagnoses was searching for an honest man. "He will advertise that his summer resort has mosquitoes," explained the sage.—New York Sun.

"Do you think they approved of my service?" asked the disappointed minister, had he made a good impression. "Yes, I think so," said his wife; "they were all nodding."

Mr. Grimes' was the rector to the sexton, "we had better take up the offering before the worms come."—"Indeed!"

"I am going to press on the subject of economy."—Stray turtles.

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' answer does not require the assistance of a lawyer, it is so effective. "It does not fail to do its work."

"Isn't your speech a little magnificient here and there?"—"Perhaps," answered the new M.P.: "but, you see, I am not a very good grammarian. Some of my constituents might think I was trying to be magnificient."

"I have a remarkable history," he goes the lad who looks like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—Washington Herald.

Ministry Liniment Cures Dandruff

Dissatisfied Husband—"Before we were married, I was led to believe we were well off."

Dissatisfied Wife—"So I was, but I didn't know it."

"That miser who died the other day must have been a scoundrel."—"How so?" He left instructions that his brash dorpole should be taken down and screwed on his coffin lid."

Yester—"Now, little Tommy, give me an example of the double negative."

"Little Tommy," don't know mine.—New York Globe.

Books of shrewd and dexterous comedy quickly, these seldom raise any warning. They are taken as quickly as the patient takes a medicine. The patient's treatment to the lining membranes of the nose is Dr. D. G. Kellogg's "Dyke" which costs only 25c. a small cost at any drug store or general store. It is a hard relief before the doctor can be called to see.

The eye is the audience of nature.

"What are her days at home?"—"Oh, a society leader has no days at home any more. Nowadays she has her telephone hours."—Saratoga Set.

What would the inventors of the next ten years tell us?—"Probably devices to test last us from the inventions of the last ten."

"How bright and happy May looks since her engagement."—"She usually lights up a girl's face."

First Lady—"How very happy the bridegroom looks! Really, it is pleasant to see a young man looking so joyful."

Second Lady—"Hush! That's not the bridegroom jilted six months ago."

Aids Nature

The first success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" cures Nephritis with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in combination with the best available food. It gives the body supplies the necessary strength to the stomach, the diligent food, build up the body and thereby throw off of the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enlivens the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short restores the body to health.

Your dealer offers something "just as good." It is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better.

Are you thinking of this care not the price, no there's nothing like it as an aid to health."—Say.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or Medical Simplified, 1908 Edition, cloth-bound, sent for 50 cent postage, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing exp. Address: Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOOD FOR A GENIUS.

Diet That Enriches Mrs. Siddons.—Rise to Lady Macbeth.

It is not altogether easy to imagine a Lady Macbeth eating chess. Yet her diet is not far removed from that of them if one may rely on a altogether delightful authority. On a certain occasion, writes W. V. Lucas in "The Art of Painting," Sir Joshua Reynolds paid his butcher, who reciprocated by expressing great admiration for the artist's painting of "Alexander at the Battle of Issus."

"Quite alive, sir," said the butcher.

"I am sorry that you think so," said the artist.

"Yes, sir; but, as I have often said to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, sir, if you had not eat my soup, sir."

"Very true, Mr. Sowerby."

"Ah, sir, I have a fancy for soup, sir."

"Leave you, Mr. Sowerby?"

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Siddons, she was my meat, never was such a woman for chops, sir, Ah, sir, she was a woman, sir."

"Ah, sir, she was, Mr. Sowerby."

"Ah, sir, when she used to act that there was no room for a picture. Lord, such a woman, sir, to me, to me, to me, that woman, sir, that murders a king twice over."

"Very true, Mr. Macbeth."

"Ah, sir, that's it—Lady Macbeth, I used to wake up with the butler behind my ear, calling when she acted, and I used to see her quite often, and all the people quite frightened." "Ah, my lady," says I, "if it wasn't for my master, though, you wouldn't be able to taste our soup."

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SOULFUL SHADES.

Effect on Woman of the Color of Her Clothes.

QUIXOTIC, BUT WORKS WELL.

The Servant Problem Appreahsed by One Housekeeper in a Droll Novel and Interesting Way That Worked Beautifully All Round.

Dear Elsa—This is a season when color in clothes certainly runs riot. Many of the fashions are runget by an artist, but when the layman's fancy is turned loose in this work the result is often disastrous indeed. Now, please realize you are right when why some women never seem to understand their own affinities. And still more, study the influence of color on the spirit and regulate the colors in their wardrobe accordingly! If they did it would make dressmaking more interesting, don't you think?

To give you an idea of what I mean concerning the effect of color on the spirit, a black gown aggravates me-

nts who are not taller than most people pay, and she's "tired," too, about her work. Still she has more success with her "black" than any one I know. The secret is, she is in her friendly interest in her girls, but regardless of what they do well and her favoring them just where they are. That woman is a novel soul! What she does is interesting.

Raises the wages of each maid without her asking each year. The raise is reasonable, but it is done in a way that shows appreciation and is looked forward to.

The maid is given a week's vacation when it is most convenient or just when it is most convenient for mistress and maid. As a matter of fact, my maid does not care if she stays at all. She talks it over with both her maids—she keeps two—and the dates are arranged with the same handiness as the dates of the stars.

The week is elastic, for she makes

so that a maid can get away Friday afternoon and need not come back until a week from the following Tuesdays.

Now, don't laugh at what I'm going to tell you and call it Quixotic and impossible, for it is the very nature and those that are under her it works. Every night before she is about her housework—she takes time to have a talk with the maid in her sitting room to discuss the affairs of the day, particularly the working hours, and to plan for the time to come. In this time talk this mistress attributes much of her household comfort. It does not put the servant on an equality with her master, but it gives her the "help" we know is human, and somehow it connects "servants" and "masters" as nothing else will. She has a thousand thrifty ways she is trusted and cared for just as if they were her children.

There are days when work goes hard with servants, the inventor of this plan insists, and when for no particular reason the wheel of the house drag herself. The maid likes to do this to the mistress and also when they feel things have gone well and there's no accomplishment. Well, when I tell you this woman friend makes dresses and trims hats for her servants and brings each some wife who she gives you your run around the house. This is the first. On the morrow, which is the ninth day, you shall return and shall find your place ripe. Take them, here comes the second. You shall find that he is the same man who a generation ago raked in the skeleets by means of the patent safe game. This game is his outward fashion. But it hid

the secret of his wealth.

Let us suppose that this man is an old bachelor, he has managed to get along at the union station and set out to see the sights. Although his name is completely printed on the outside of his coat, he is a real townie, having the hotel register, he is amazed to find himself hospitably greeted by an older woman who knows his name and the town he came from. This woman is a widow, an old friend whom the stranger is anxious to think he can help. He is a good man, but the stranger is very affable and lays himself out to entertain the widow. He is a real townie, having the hotel register, he is amazed to find himself hospitably greeted by an older woman who knows his name and the town he came from. This woman is a widow, an old friend whom the stranger is anxious to think he can help. He is a good man, but the

stranger is very affable and lays himself out to entertain the widow.

On receiving this information the old lady pondered that mother and then said, "I am a widow, but I am looking for a man sixty-two years old."

"Why, I've stepped in," says the man.

They had been engaged only a week.

He had kissed her fully forty times that evening. When he stopped the tears came into her eyes and she said, "I suppose you have come to love me."

"No, I haven't," he replied, "but I must breath—woman's Home Journal.

A PARISIAN FANCY.

The Butcher Shop a Source of Serious Inspiration.

One of the prettiest skirts now worn in London has a sort of crossover effect, the two sides being joined by a band which is draped over the bust and the evolution is interesting.

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She is a modiste for the fashioning of skins and clothes. On a journey she often paddles the canoe, and on portage she carries a heavy load. It is easier to write down the difficulties than to enumerate a square mile of her numerous cuttings and

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She is a modiste for the fashioning

The Round-Up

A Romance of Arizona

Novelized From Edmund Joe's Melodrama
By JOHN MURRAY AND
MILLS MILLER
Copyright, 1924, by G. W. Dilling

(Continued)

you grew impatient. This presentation was a serious affair and not to be hurried into an audience with the expert. "Well, I'll be there," he said. Moreover, she did not like to be used even indirectly as a target for fun-making, although she delighted in making some one else a feeder for her ideas of fun.

Fremo modishly dressed was something of a social animal.

"I know I can shake 'em out of that," he declared.

"Let's hear you," cried Polly, rather doubtfully.

"Step up, professor," cried Allen heartily, stepping him on the back.

Polly stepped up his sleeves. His cummings crept up every more closely. He spat on his hands, appraised the piano and glared at the two who had been there.

"My dad had one of them things when I was a yearling," he observed.

Fremo spun the seat of his piano stool until it almost twisted off the screw. His actions were the gesture of a man who peered under the seat to see if the wheels go round. Fremo threw his legs over the seat as if mounting a horse.

"Well, boys, what'll you have?" he asked, glancing from one to the other.

"I'll have a glass of beer," said the friend, the pianist in the Tucson honky-tonk, on a lively evening.

"Tough luck," said Fremo, smilingly.

ed. Show Room.

Sagbrush struck him in the breast pocket of his coat of hand. "Shut up," he growled.

Turning to Fremo, he said, "Give us the—The children's Prayer."

Fremo walked away, so quickly that he almost lost his balance. Gazing at the petitioner in blank amazement, he shouted, "The what?"

Sagbrush, in a most apologetic voice said, "Well, that's the first time my sister learned to play the piano and it continues—what's it like? I bet it sounds good."

"I'd sure like to oblige you, but I'm afraid I may not be up to your standard," he mumbled.

Fremo raised his finger uncertainly over the keyboard, searching for a key from which he could start. The group watched him expectantly. As he struck a note each member of his audience jumped back at the sound of the piano. Fremo stopped, his fingers and gaily fingered another key. After several false starts, he began to play the keyboard, he began to pick out with one finger the air "The Swanee River."

"That's all we're started," he cried exultantly.

His exuberance led him to strike a false note.

"Excuse me," he apologized. "Got the wrong note."

Once more he essayed playing the old melody, but became hopelessly confused.

"Darn the tune!" he mumbled.

Sagbrush, ready to cheer up the failing courage of a performer, chirped, "Well, I'm up on 'em again and begin a new deal."

Fremo sat on the piano and ruffled his hair. "I'm not in the mood for this," he said. "I'm not in the mood for this."

He sought the rhythm among the keys indiscriminately. Fremo made a noise if not articulate finish and whirled about on the stool, to be greeted by his audience.

"Well, I reckon that's gone some," he boomed when the hand clapping subsided, bowing low to Polly and Mrs. Allen.

"Gold?" laughed Polly. "Limpin' is what I thought. If you don't learn to swing on your own, you'll never get one finger of yours." Fremo looked at that member dubiously.

"Ain't you a critter?" suggested Show Low to Allen.

"You bet!" the ranchman agreed. "Take a planin' an' enough Winchester an' you can civilization the bulk of China."

"Fremo could kill more with his piano play than his gun play," suggested Show Low.

Mrs. Allen betrothed herself that there was a lot to work to be done in presenting Fremo to society. She knew that when a rancher was round the door old soul would find something to do or worry about.

"Now, clear cut of here, the fatted kit an' blit'f of you!" she ordered.

The men hastily crowded out on the porch.

"Take that packin' case out of sight

if you mean this planin' to be a success to Echo. She'll be trottin' back here in no time," she added.

Fremo had just time to assure Jim: "It's been 'birthday' to me a success. Would you like another selection?" he eagerly asked. With his fingers snatched Mrs. Allen, busily polishing the keys Fremo had struck. "You left a grease spot on ever key you've touched," he said.

Fremo held up his finger for Allen's inspection. "I've been 'greenin' the keys," was his explanation. "Get out with the rest of them," she commanded.

"I've got enough to do to look after that cake," Mrs. Allen darted across the room, took up his pipe and hunted up the most comfortable chair. After two or three tugs at the pipe, he turned his back, with a sign of content.

"Jack ain't back yet?" Polly put the question.

Polly rearranged the chairs in the room, picked up and replacing the articles the two had brought with them.

"Where is he?" she asked, lighting his pipe. When he had smoked drawing freely he gazed at Jack and asked, "What's the latest?"

"I didn't acknowledge that," he said. "I was desperate at the thought of losing him. I'm afraid I'll be the last to know of the tragedy," he added.

"Please don't tell," she said. "I know that you didn't kill him."

"Not that I hear on. Still, however, I know he's a stranger to these parts. Let's hope he's not a murderer."

"That's what I told him," declared Allen. "He knew it wasn't his fault what comes, she must never know. She'd never forgive you—an' for that matter, me neither."

"There's them fellers, the man that left the station alone and probably don't the job, run a pair of 'em off," answered Jim. "I know he's a stranger to these parts. Jack's piano pieces. It's his regular gal. 'Tis the only piano' house around here."

"That's so," he asserted, but made further comment. The full force of the observation did not strike him at first.

"I reckon that right," was Jim's comment.

To clinch his argument and soothe his troublesome conscience Jack continued. "She never would have been killed if I'd been there."

"That's what I told him," declared Allen. "He knew it wasn't his fault what comes, she must never know. She'd never forgive you—an' for that matter, me neither."

While the farmer was wise enough to think of his lamb and return it to the owner, Jack was wretchedly behind which Dick was wan-

dering from the station which Dick had yet to overcome.

"Yonder you doin'?" The boy asked him. "Well, I'm not makin' any more trouble," he mumbled.

The boy responded Polly. She was not meeting with the success she desired. "Do bush!" she cried in her bewilderment.

"That's enough on any man's mind," Jim laugh as he sauntered out of the doorway.

"Somethin' queer about Jack," observed Polly, sealing herself at the table. "He ain't the same as he was before. He's not the same as Echo's around, but when he thinks he's watchin' him he sits around it again."

"Jack's been a real trouble to me," she said. "I waited months to see him again. Six months I waited after he heard the news. After I had told Echo I loved her and found that I was lost in return to her again, I waited months to see him again. Then when he thinks he's watchin' him he sits around it again."

"Well, I'm not makin' any more trouble," he mumbled.

Allen slung him on the back to the door. Philosophically he announced, "Well, I'm goin' to be it as it is. You ain't nothing but a fool again. You mustn't never tell her. I ain't goin' to say nothin' about it. Her happiness means everything to me."

Jack leaned heavily on the table. His head sank. His voice dropped almost to a whisper.

Allen gripped his hand in silent thankfulness.

The room was silent except for the sound of the heart.

(To be continued)

Actor, Aviator, and Soldier.

The story of the career of Mr. Robert Loraine, one of the most prominent aviators in Great Britain, and a famous soldier and actor.

Mr. Loraine, the son of that fine old English family popularized by the footlights and succeeded some remarkable career in the British service as a soldier, as an aviator, and as an actor.

Jack has not forgotten the promise; but, alas, under the gloom of Mrs. Loraine's death, he has been forced to give up his hobby, but has used Dick Lane's money for this purpose.

In what a mess of lies and broken promises he has been forced to live. Now, he was forced further to decide true belief in the integrity of the man in the military.

"No, Polly, but the fact is—that speculation isn't runnin' out so well; after all."

The disengaged girl turned sadly away and went out to Mrs. Allen in the kitchen.

Jack removed his belt and gun and strapped them on the rack by the door. Spring Echo's father at the corral, he called to him to come into the house. Jack's heart beat rapidly as he entered the room, as he came near, shaking the young man's hand.

"When did you come over?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, I don't know," he said.

Mrs. Allen betrothed herself that there was a lot to work to be done in presenting Fremo to society. She knew that when a rancher was round the door old soul would find something to do or worry about.

"Now, clear cut of here, the fatted kit an' blit'f of you!" she ordered.

The men hastily crowded out on the porch.

"Take that packin' case out of sight

if you mean this planin' to be a success to Echo. She'll be trottin' back here in no time," she added.

Fremo had just time to assure Jim:

"It's been 'birthday' to me a success. Would you like another selection?" he eagerly asked.

Snapped Mrs. Allen, busily polishing the keys Fremo had struck. "You left a grease spot on ever key you've touched."

Fremo held up his finger for Allen's inspection.

"I've been 'greenin' the keys," was his explanation.

"I was drawing free," he said.

"I'm sorry, I don't know," he said.

"I was drawing free," he said.

